

MAINE FARMER, AND JOURNAL OF THE ARTS.



"Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man."

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THE FARMER.

E. HOLMES, Editor.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the communication of our correspondent "Cornaro," upon physical degeneracy. It is a subject of the first importance to the community. There can be no doubt that the rising generation are not so robust—and not so healthy as those that have preceeded them. The cause, to our mind is obvious. We have departed from the simple habits, and laid aside too much the athletic exercises of our ancestors. And in proportion as we have so departed, are we visited with debilities and disorders which weaken and derange the system. Simple diet and plenty of exercise in the open air is what nature requires. Deprive her of this and she deprives you of the energy, elasticity and activity of frame and of mind, for the mind is more or less influenced by the health of the body. We highly appreciate the efforts which some Physiologists are making to bring back society to those simple and frugal habits which can alone insure that vigor and hardships which a people we ought to possess.

The evil is not confined to one sex, both alike are guilty of the errors which are bringing about the degeneracy of which we speak, and perhaps the ladies carry things to greater extremes than the gents. At any rate they are more addicted to tea and coffee intemperance.

What is to become of this world, exclaimed a worthy woman to us not long since. There is not a young girl of my acquaintance, continued she, that is learning to spin or weave. But very few of them can make butter and cheese, and a great many of them think it a disgrace to be seen at the wash tub. For my part, I think, said she, the rising generation will be more idle and effeminate than the present, and if they are, the Lord have mercy upon them. We could not help smiling at the good woman's earnest exclamations—but there is too much truth in her remarks.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

MR. HOLMES:—In the 19th number of the current volume there is an original article entitled "Physical Degeneracy" in which the writer lays down the fact incontestably that there is a manifest degeneracy in regard to the physical powers of the people of the present age. No man can open his eyes and look about him and examine the bills of mortality without acknowledging this fact.

The writer asks a number of questions, and calls loudly on you to answer them. I have not seen your answer. As a medical man I think it was your duty to have answered them. But as you have neglected to do it, I have thought it my duty say something by way of answer. I do not propose or expect to give all the causes and perhaps not an hundredth part of them. It is a subject that concerns all classes of the community and should engage the attention of the whole people, for it is a melancholy fact that the bills of mortality show that apparently too many have died that belonged to the middle aged.

Is not one cause, a neglect of that coarse, plain but substantial diet and clothing, and the industrious habits used and practiced before the American Revolution?

The present system of high living which is now becoming fashionable is not such as is dictated by nature, nor is it such as you would prescribe for your horse or for your hog. Why do you not provoke their appetites by all the niceties of cookery with mixtures of sweet and salt and sour and pepper and spice, &c. &c. You dare not risk your horse under such treatment.—Yet you do risk yourselves and are anxious to risk yourselves and families under such a regimen. You encourage cooks to vie with each other in making mixtures of food to please the palate and lure to destruction.

The tyrant Fashion prompts to the practice of these follies. There is not moral courage enough to stand against the pressure of public opinion in this respect although it is bringing misery upon us. One does it, another must and such has been the blind deference paid to the dictates of this spirit, and so guilty is every one in regard to it that the Stage—the Press and the Pulpit have restrained from attacking it as they ought. But very few have dared to lift up their voices against it, and they have been hissed at, and stigmatized by the names of Grahamites—cold waterites &c. &c.

We are not the first nation Mr Editor that has gone the same path to destruction.

The sins, says the Prophet, of the cities of the plain were fulness of bread, and idleness. Effeminacy and luxury destroyed Rome, when all the arms of the surrounding nations could not do it in their primitive days, and when they did not number a quarter so many as when they bowed to the yoke after the days of the Emperors.

Alexander the Great while practising the plain and simple rules of temperance, was invincible to all the toils of war, but was finally conquered by giving way to his own appetite.

A vitiated public opinion backed by intemperance and gluttony must be stronger and more invincible than Goliah with all his armor. In vain may the gospel be preached—in vain may we remonstrate with a man besotted by gluttony and other species of intemperance. The man is gone, irretrievably gone, there is, there can be no hope unless we first make a rational man, as it regards diet and regimen—and sound in the principles of temperance in all things.

Are not our temperance societies and papers very much to blame for not occupying the whole ground.—Some give themselves up to appetite. They say that they have but one life to live and I am determined to enjoy that. What sort of enjoyment can a glutton or a drunkard have? What sort of enjoyment does an idle spendthrift have? If they will not be reclaimed—if they will hurry on to death let them die for the world loses nothing by their death, but when a rational, sane and good man drops off prematurely the world sustains a loss indeed.

There might be many other causes mentioned which aid in producing the degeneracy of which we complain. But we have named the principal and chief course. It is time to pause and look around for the remedy. Look back to our forefathers and practice the simple habits which they did.

Study well written books on dietetics—make the preservation of your health a religious duty. Learn to conquer your passions as you go through this world. All good people have made it a duty so to do. I would recommend a total shift of habits from those practised at the present day as the only remedy. It is a subject of the first earthly importance for if health be lost what of a worldly nature can be enjoyed and even the mind will suffer when burdened with an enfeebled body. Woman! thou arbiter of Fashion, I call upon you to assist in this reform. Do you wish to be widows? But widows, a greater or less number of you must be unless there shall be a change of habits of life. This will appear abundantly evident if you examine the case and see how many middle aged men have died; who have left families either destitute or without a guide and protector. And this mortality I contend is brought about by a foolish and unpardonable indulgence in the fashions of the day.

Look at the subject seriously and for the sake of yourselves and your children and their children to the latest generation and as you value your own souls, reform. Be no longer dupes to a vitiated public opinion. Is your nation in danger who so able to defend her as the temperate, strong and healthy man. Mr. Editor I will stop. I hope enough has been said to rouse some from their lethargy and convince those who can be reclaimed—those who persist in their suicidal course must descend to the grave and perhaps the sooner the better as they cannot then contaminate the remainder.

Winthrop, 1840.

CORNARO.

DON'T DRY YOUR CLOVER TOO MUCH. As the haying season has commenced we would caution the inexperienced against drying their clover too much. If exposed too long to the sun the leaves crumble, fall off and the stalks

that remain are worth but very little. After it has become somewhat wilted throw it into cocks and let it remain in this situation a day or two and it will make very fast and retain all its valuable properties. If you fear that it is not made enough when put into the barn give it a sprinkling of salt. You will find in the winter that clover thus made will come out bright and be sweet and palatable to your cattle.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

Recent discoveries and experiments seem to prove that the cause of the decay of timber is the albuminous portion, as it is called, of the wood which remains for a long time after the wood is cut down. Hence any process by which this can be got rid of or destroyed will be useful to preserve timber from decay. Charring the outside by heat is said to change the matter and even to destroy it so thoroughly that it cannot act, and therefore preserves it. Mr. Kyan of England has introduced the use of corrosive sublimate as a powerful agent to destroy or neutralize this albumen. He makes a large vat into which he places the sublimate and the water, and then plunges the timber in until it has become impregnated and rendered almost imperishable. Others recommend a coating of lime to effect the same purpose. It is a fact, we believe, that the boards of old mortar beds will resist decay for a great many years.

Another recommends unleached ashes as being equally effective. It is supposed that the alkali attacks this albumen and destroys its tendency to decay, and the vats and leach tubs of old potash manufactories are cited as proof of the incorruptibility of wood that has been thus impregnated. It has been recommended in some of the papers to use ashes in setting posts in the following manner. First put a small quantity of ashes at the bottom of the hole, and then put in the posts filling up around it, then near the top place more ashes. It is thought the alkaline matter in the ashes in the form of lye will penetrate the post and preserve it. It is an experiment easily tried and if found effectual it will prove a valuable discovery.

THE FAR WEST AND THE FAR EAST.

Among the many recommendations which we often hear given by those who would encourage emigration to the West is this—that it is one of the best grazing regions in the world, and that while cattle and sheep and horses require but comparatively little to eat during the winter, the grass grows up so spontaneously and luxuriantly in the summer that the breeding of cattle is a very easy business, requiring but very little care or trouble. A writer in the New England Farmer controverts this opinion. He has for several weeks past given us extracts from his Journal, describing the face of the country, and the appearances of the towns, people, &c. as they presented themselves to him as he journeyed along. We should have been pleased to have copied his articles into our paper, but their length hinders our so doing, and we must content ourselves by making a few extracts from his concluding remarks.

We often hear extravagant stories about the grass upon the prairies; it is represented as growing as tall as a man upon horseback, and the idea is prevalent that the prairies produce enormous burdens of excellent grass, and many writers have taken much pains to establish such an idea—but it is not so. Upon the little patches of low bottoms, particularly about the Illinois river, there is indeed some tall grass resembling a little the common blue-joint of New England meadows, but coarser and much inferior for fodder. The grass of the bottom land generally and of the sloughs, is something like the common grass of our wet meadows though I think generally of better quality for hay. It rarely grows more than one and a half or two feet high, and the average quantity to an acre cannot exceed a ton of cured hay, and the extreme is not more than two tons. The high prairie is not well adapted

to grass. That which does grow, when young is very tender and affords excellent pasture: it comes to maturity early and is then a coarse harsh grass and of little value: its height is from eight to ten inches when fully grown, and its extreme crop will not exceed half a ton to the acre. I have seen many fields of cultivated grass, both timothy and red top, and when highly manured the yield is for two or three years on the best prairie a ton to the acre: without manure the yield does not exceed half a ton. This surprised me exceedingly, for the same soil often yields forty bushels of wheat, and in the east we expect a large crop of hay where we obtain a large crop of grain. I account for a different result in the west in this way: the soil as before stated is sandy, and the long droughts in summer parch up the surface exceedingly, and grasses which do not root deep suffer from the drought; but grain comes forward early, and the thick growth protects the earth longer than the common grasses, and when it does dry the straw has come to maturity. Corn and other plants which root deep are not injured by summer droughts, and hence I think that red clover would succeed well; but I never saw a field of it upon a prairie, nor have I seen any one who has tried it. The bottoms may be converted into excellent meadows by simply burning off the wild grass in the spring and sowing grass seed.

From these facts it is evident that Illinois will not be a good grazing country, but is admirably adapted to the production of grain. The scarcity of springs and rivulets is another obstacle to the raising of stock. The southern part of the State is generally admitted to be rather destitute of water, but the northern part of the State is said to be well watered, but it is so only in comparison with the south. At present while the whole country almost lies common, there is no difficulty in keeping large stocks of cattle, but when the country becomes filled up and the farms fenced, the case will be different. There are very few farms which have a permanent supply of water for stock.

These remarks coincide with those which we have heard made by other observing and disinterested travellers. We are willing to admit that the feeding season is not quite so long with them as with us, but then their cattle as a general thing, do not "come out so well" say in the spring as ours do, merely because as their winters are less severe they are not prompted to take so good care of them.

The Northern and Eastern parts of New England are excellent for grazing, and our high pasture lands make the very best sheepwalks in the world. Our declivities, plains and low lands when put into a proper state, afford abundance of hay. We think therefore that those who are fond of flocks and herds, cannot do better than to remain where they are and make arrangements for procuring suitable pasture land near at home. It is true that there is at the present moment a depression in the prices of wool, and consequently of the animal that produces it, but this will not always continue, and we hope that our farmers will not be in too great haste to sacrifice their flocks, nor migrate to the far West in the delusive hope that they will have nothing to do but fold up their arms and see their flocks and herds and fatlings increase, without any exertion on their part to count and make them.

SILK CULTURIST.—This excellent paper heretofore published in Weathersfield, Conn. and devoted to the cause of silk culture and agriculture is discontinued. We trust that the day is not far distant when it will again be resumed, and also that the silk business will revive and go on to the consummation which its friends desire. The fact is, that the rage for speculation has overdone the business of *selling trees*, not of making silk, and the true and legitimate use of the mulberry has been only a secondary object. There is not the least trouble in the way of the U. States becoming a great silk growing and silk manufacturing country. But the business cannot start into all the vigor of adult age in a moment. It must have its infancy, its youth and its manhood like every thing else. We would therefore say to all concerned, treasure up all the experience that you have gained and persevere. Go slow but sure; and the time will come when America will be able to clothe all the rest of the world in woolens, cottons, linen or silks—and feed them to boot.

APPLES ENOUGH. If one half of the apples that are now upon the trees in Maine get ripe we shall have a great supply for ourselves and plenty to spare.

WOVE WIRE.

Those in want of wire cloth or netting for sieves, screens, or other purposes will find a first rate article of the kind by

calling on Mr. Hosley in this village. Mr. Hosley is well prepared with apparatus for weaving wire in all degrees of fineness, and does his work faithfully and in good style.—See his advertisement on another page.

Original.

THINKING.

"To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think."

MR. HOLMES:—I have been thinking about thinking, and have come to the conclusion that Cowper was right when he penned the above lines. Many there are who look upon this act of the mind as a task, while others are altogether ignorant of the meaning of the word *think*. They suppose all think, and that continually, excepting while they are asleep.—They suppose he that makes his pericranium nought but a mental race ground, through which the ideas pass with all the velocity of a shooting star, and, like it, make no impression, or, if any, none but that which ceases with the cause that produced it, thinks most; or he who glances at the most subjects in the shortest space of time, deriving benefit from none; or he who can view all things at a glance, has certainly a mind of uncommon acuteness;—or in fine, they suppose that thinking consists, not in the benefit derived from it, but from the velocity with which thoughts pass through the mind.

But thinking is not a mere play of the fancy, touching first upon one subject, then upon another, and resting upon none, but it is bringing the whole powers of the mind to bear upon some particular theme, viewing and reviewing it upon all sides, until it has been probed to the bottom—until its most obscure parts have been investigated and made plain. In order that success may attend our physical efforts, it is necessary that they be directed to the accomplishment of but one object at a time, and in a manner which is most likely to effect that object. Nor should the commencement of another precede the completion of the one in which we are already engaged. It should be thus with our mental efforts. The mind should be employed upon but one subject at once. Some one topic should be selected, and none but that should engage the attention until it shall have been thoroughly viewed upon all sides, commencing and pursuing a regular train of thought, viewing it in connection with such other subjects only as are intimately connected with it; and then, after thus maturing and well digesting its several items, come to some conclusion which shall be beneficial. He who knows nothing but what others have known before him, adds nothing to the general stock of knowledge; but he who can, from two ideas already known, by a correct course of thinking, make out the third, is a person calculated to benefit those around him. The arts and sciences have been brought to their present state of perfection by sound reasoning, and by improving upon that which was known before. The heavens have been explored—the deep has been traversed, and the elements have been controlled and made subservient to the will of man, by close thinking, and by tracing out the cause from the effect produced. But all this had been accomplished by but a few. The general mass still follow the principle laid down by Cowper, which is, to "follow foolish precedents," rather than "to think" for themselves, and improve upon them. Too many "do as their fathers did;" while others are so averse to improvement, that they have degenerated even from that. But some may feel their want of capacity to fathom an abstruse subject, and hence think deeply upon none. But it should not be thus. Every person has a mind of greater or less capacity, and it is the duty of every one to improve that which he has; and by so doing the powers of the mind will be enlarged. The mind should be continually employed in contemplating, and acquiring knowledge from the various things with which we are surrounded. Man should gain information from every thing he sees, like the industrious bee that gathers sweets from every opening flower. No opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and of gaining instruction should be passed unimproved. Let this course be steadily followed through life, and there will not be so many barren craniums, nor so many mental fields left uncultivated, as we now so often meet with beneath the whitened locks of age. Then, too, will man, when he is alone, have company. He then will not need the intoxicating mirth of an assembled group to banish the ennui, or enliven his despondency, nor will he desire it, but in a mind well stored with, and still acquiring knowledge, he will be contented, and have a spring of joy, and a fount of enjoyment that never fails.

East Winthrop, July 1, 1840.

O. P. Q.

Original.

QUESTIONS FOR THE WISE TO ANSWER.

What is *limestone* and how may it be known?

What is *magnesia* and how may it be known?

What is *silex*?

What is *alumine*?

What is *oxyde of iron* and how may it be known?

What is *peat* and how may it be known?

What is *fossil turf* and how may it be known?
What is *marl* and how may it be known?

A FARMER.

Original.

A SHORT ANATHEMA.

I have read the political paper through this morning. My mind is fatigued with wading through the tempestuous scene. I feel like a fisherman who has been out for a month, beat and bob'd about by the wind and sea. I lay down the Journal and took up the Farmer expecting to realize the same sensation the fisherman does when he sails into a smooth harbor, after being out a long time on the rough water—but alas—no rest from electioneering chicanery—the first thing that meets my eye is Wool—in Vol. 8, No. 25—a Damn'd electioneering falsehood—and in the Farmer too—for shame Mr. Holmes—take up the article and tell the truth—say that there is a surplus of Woollen goods in the country—say money is coming to its real value and that goods are finding their proper level. You will quit this kind of stuff or quit sending many of your papers to this place, no doubt—as we don't pretend to respect any except the *honest man*—in these parts. Yrs. &c.

July 4, 1840.

A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE.—The above *polite* article came to us from the Belfast Post Office, saddled with the postage. It is bad enough for a poor Editor to be d—d without paying the expense of it. However, we are used to the kicks and the cuffs of "our brother man."

We are sorry that our friend "Subscriber" had not read the Farmer first. Had he done so we should not then have had to have been the subject of his wrath excited no doubt by the political ferment which he confesses he was thrown into by reading the political journals. But the marvel with us is, how Mr. Subscriber could make an electioneering article of what we said. Pray which of the candidates does it go for? We complained of the reduction of the tariff, and if "Subscriber" will let reason get the better of his wrath long enough to look at the history of the "reduction" or compromise as it is called, he will find one party as deep in the mud in regard to the measure as the other is in the mire. But there is a "surplus of woollens" in the country. Be it so, and how came they here? Thrown in upon us by importers in consequence of the reduction of the tariff by both political parties, and our farmers and our manufacturers feeling the bad effects of it. As for money coming to its "real value" a little observation in regard to the laws of trade, or what is called political economy, will convince our friend that money has no fixed and determined value, any more than a cord of wood has. It is an article of merchandise, as much as any thing else, and subject to all the fluctuations incident to supply and demand.

As for "quitting this kind of stuff," we shall do it when we shuffle off this mortal coil, and not before. We stand forth in defence of the interests of the Farmers and Mechanics of Maine, and we shall discharge our duty if both or all the political parties go to perdition. But why did not "Subscriber" send in his real name if he desires his paper stopped. For this plain reason, he is no subscriber of ours. We have no such Jackass upon our list.

THE ENGLISH CORN LAW SYSTEM.

The worst news brought by the last arrivals from England, was the defeat in the House of Commons, of the party, which is striving to bring about a repeal of the corn-laws. The event should be a source of regret to all who desire the spread of liberal principles, and especially to the people of the United States, who besides their natural anxiety to witness the progress of just government, have a strong commercial interest in the abrogation of the absurd tariff system of Great Britain. That system is a curse to thousands in England, and inflicts great injury upon the nations with which England hold commercial intercourse.

There is a casual remark of Fieldings, alike true of the operation of these corn laws, and of all other modes of partial and unjust legislation. "Pity it is," says he, "that those for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labor and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, pillaged and plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so little advantage from all the evils they occasion to others." An observation which the history of unequal government in all nations abundantly proves to be true. These corn laws, for instance, designed for the protection of a particular class, beside bringing irreparable evil upon every other class, have failed in the objects for which they were instituted. They had their origin in the profi-

gate overtures of Walpole to the agricultural interest in parliament, to raise supplies for the purpose of carrying on his wicked wars, and from the beginning, while they were extending small benefit to the interests they proposed to aid, they became the sources of multiplied and lasting wrongs to millions of people. Under a delusive expectation of raising prices, they exposed the farming interests to perpetual fluctuations of price. They placed many of the vast markets of the world, not only beyond the reach of the manufacturer, but they raised up a host of competitors in their stead. They took the bread from the mouth of the workman, by augmenting its cost, while they diminished the value of the products of his skill, and so by a double process reducing him to the verge of starvation and want. They have hung commercial pursuits upon the beams of speculation, and by their potent assistance in deranging currency, converted all honest employments into games of hazard, making them the alternate victims of insane excitement, and of withering depression and distress.

What would be the effect if these pernicious laws were annulled? It would strip the overgrown landed proprietors of a portion of their ill gotten gain.—It would shoot life and health into the decimated limbs of English manufacturers, by opening extensive markets to their products, and cheapening the means of subsistence; it would diminish the artificial causes that excite feverish alternations of trade; it would restore the prospect of comfort to myriads of a working population, whose only hopes of escape are either in revolution or the grave.

Nor would the operation of the change be less benignant towards every department of industry in this country. To the agricultural interests it would administer a healthy stimulus by greatly expanding the demand for its most important products. Those vast grain-fields in the West and Northwest, fast coming under cultivation, would find a more profitable outlet to their abundance, while the supply of goods in common use and wear, received in return, would increase the means and comforts of the body of consumers constituting the majority of every nation. As the market for bread-stuffs enlarged, the demand for the facilities of transportation from the interior to the ocean, would strengthen, thus giving more substantial ground for the hope that our present vast system of internal improvements, founded upon debt, might one day or another pay for itself by means of its own revenues. Increased exportations would prevent those immense drains of specie, which periodically exhaust the strength of commerce, at the same time furnishing a safe mode for the liquidation of an enormous balance of debt which now make us the miserable dependants of foreign creditors. With this relief from the pressure of debt, accompanied by an augmented demand for the staples, which every provision of nature, indicates that this country was designed to produce, there would spring up a general activity in every branch of trade—an activity, founded upon no rabid thirst of speculation, but upon the substantial and durable elements of national prosperity. So true is it, that nations are reciprocally benefited by the adoption or the part of either of them of a just, free and enlightened policy; so true is it, with communities as with individuals, that the quality of liberality and justice, like that of mercy, is twice blessed, blessed in those that give, and in those that receive.

The above was selected by a friend. It shews how England takes care of her industrious classes. She shuts out all breadstuffs unless in times of scarcity.—This to be sure gives her farmers a monopoly—and causes her manufacturers to pay dear for their bread. But on the other hand she shuts out all the manufactured articles that she can consistently, and that gives her the advantage over the other portions of the world that do not adopt the protective system. We do not approve of her course in many respects, but as she will have her way it is a duty incumbent upon other nations to meet her in the warfare, and put themselves on the defensive, by restricting her as she restricts others. Nothing else will bring her to terms.—ED.

CROSS BREEDING

AND BREEDING IN-AND-IN, IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

The terms cross breeding, and breeding in-and-in, are familiar to most of your agricultural readers when applied to animals, but may not be so well understood when applied to vegetables, therefore a communication on this subject may be acceptable to some of your readers.

By the term cross breeding I would be understood as meaning that process by which the pistil, or female

part of a flower becomes impregnated by the pollen from a flower of a different variety of the same species.

By the term breeding in-and-in, as meaning that process by which the pistil of a perfect flower becomes impregnated with the pollen from its own stamens, or those from another flower of the same variety, or in case the plants belong to the class *Monocotyledon*, by pollen from the male flowers of the same plant.

By the first process the object to be attained is to produce new varieties partaking of the nature of both the varieties from which the offspring is produced.

By the second process the object is to continue any well known and valuable variety, by producing new plants from seeds, which shall retain all the valuable properties of the parent and so continue them, as with animals, for any length of time without degenerating by intermixture with the inferior varieties.

Fully aware of the benefits which have resulted to the agricultural world, from the attention which has been paid by certain individuals, to the improvement of animals, both by cross breeding, and breeding in-and-in, I would inquire whether similar benefits might not accompany a like attention to the fructification of plants?

My object in calling the attention of horticulturists to this subject, is to inquire whether some process may not be discovered by which the flowers of our fruit bearing trees may be so impregnated, as to enable us to continue and multiply any known and valuable variety, by raising young trees from seed so impregnated, at a cheaper rate, and with the prospect of greater durability, than we do at present by budding, grafting, or any other method now in general use.

Sir A. Knight has already enlightened horticulturists by his numerous experiments, made in what I term cross breeding, by which he has produced many new and useful varieties, both in annuals, biennials and perennials, yet at the same time he sanctions the theory, that each plant produced from seed is a new generation, and as such has its limited time of duration according to the nature of the plant, when not only the plant itself but all propagated from it by budding or grafting will also die.

According to this theory the time will come when all our present valuable varieties of fruit will become extinct. If this is correct is it not desirable that we should adopt some method to preserve them by reproducing them from seed? In what manner can this be effected but by breeding in-and-in?

By his theory of cross breeding he lays it down that the tree produced from seed when so managed is a medium between the two varieties made use of in the fructification, in size, color and flavor, but that the new plant in growth bears a strong resemblance to the mother, or plant which produced the seed.

We know many plants produce flowers, which from their peculiar shape, the parts of fecundation are so enveloped that it renders it very difficult for the pollen from any other plant to approach the pistil unless by artificial means. In such plants we rarely notice any variation—such are the flowers of the bean and pea, while others fully exposed, and that at the season when bees and other insects are numerous, as the Bassica tribe are constantly liable to sport, or produce new varieties.

Have we not reasons to believe that the pollen from different flowers act upon the same pistil, and in different degrees, each producing a corresponding effect upon the character of the future plant? And are not the pistils of perfect flowers, as the apple sometimes, so nearly impregnated with their own pollen as to produce plants from their seeds with but little variation from the mother plant? Upon what other principle are we to account for the great similarity that is found to exist in certain families of apples, viz: the Junetings, Seeknotfurthers, Pippins, Russets, and some others which might be named? In the first of these we have no less than four distinct varieties, "alike yet various," all possessing the general characteristics of the family which are singular—as peculiarity of growth of tree, time of ripening of the fruit, its size, shape, color, and flavor. The same observations will apply equally to the Seeknotfurthers, of which we have three varieties very distinct, and a fourth which so nearly approaches as to leave little doubt as to its parentage. The Pippins also are becoming a numerous family.

I am convinced that if the principles of the fructification of plants were more generally understood by our agriculturists and horticulturists, and that emulation excited which exists among those engaged in the breeding of animals, that a corresponding improvement might be made, and attended with as fair a profit to the persons engaged, while for every im-

provement they would merit the lasting gratitude of their country.

I am, gentlemen,
Your ob't

N. GOODSELL.

New England Farmer.

TIME OF MOWING CLOVER.

One species of the red clover, which is called Southern clover, is in full blossom by the middle of June—and where there is no intermixture of other grasses, it may as well be mowed at that time; but this clover often constitutes only one half the crop, and we are induced to let it stand longer and wait for the rest to blossom.

The tall meadow oat grass also in dry soils is in full bloom by the fifteenth—and these two grasses should on that account be sown together—but we prefer our northern clover for mowing, to this earlier kind. We are not ready to begin our haying so soon as the early kind wants cutting, and we wish for a larger harvest than that will give us.—*Boston Cult.*

The Power of Machinery. It is calculated that two hundred arms, with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of arms were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of a year in Great Britain, would require without machines sixteen millions of workmen with single wheels. It is further calculated that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts at present produced by British workmen with the aid of machines, is so great that it would require without the assistance of machinery the labor of four hundred millions of workmen. At some of the cotton mills in Manchester, yarn has been spun so fine as to require 150 hanks to weigh one pound avoirdupois. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half, eighty threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards, and one hank, seven times as much, or 840 yards, multiplied by 350, gives 291,000 yards, or 167 1-22 miles.—*Harrison Flather Stanwix.*

Carrots. An acre in carrots may be easily made to yield six hundred bushels. In the estimate of an experienced and excellent farmer in Berkshire county, half carrots and half oats are as good feed for a horse as all oats; or rather to use his own expression, he would prefer one hundred bushels of oats and one hundred bushels of carrots to two hundred bushels of oats for his horse. The experience of a distinguished farmer in England in the practice of keeping eighty horses on his farm and in his colliery, entirely confirms this statement.—*N. E. Farmer.*

LEGAL.

Will your legal friend answer the following questions through the Farmer?

Is a payment on a promissory note considered in law a renewal of the promise, as to the legal effect of the statute of limitation; and if so, is an endorsement on such a note, independent of other proof, prima facie or conclusive evidence of such payment? And if either, which?

To the first part of this question we reply in the language of Weston C. J. in giving the opinion of the Court in *Coffin v. Buckman*, 3d of *Fairfield*, p. 472—“Payment by the maker of a note of a part of it, and causing it to be endorsed thereon, is an act equivalent to an acknowledgement in words, that the note is a subsisting debt, and is evidence of a promise to pay it,” and of course would avoid the statute of limitations. The second part of this question is indefinite. It does not state whether the endorsement is in the handwriting of the maker, payee or holder of the note, and perhaps we cannot give a better answer than is contained in the following extract from the opinion of the Court given by Chief Justice Mellen, in *Clapp v. Ingersoll*, 2 of *Fairfield* p. 87, viz: “It is not necessary in this case to give any opinion upon the question, whether the appearance of an endorsement of a partial payment on the back of a promissory note within six years from and after its maturity, unaccompanied by any other facts, is legal evidence for the consideration of a jury, to prove payment of the sum endorsed, so as thereby to avoid the statute of limitations. On this point there is some disagreement between decided cases. The better opinion seems to be that such endorsement would not be legal evidence for such a purpose.” We refer “J.” to these two cases and those referred to by Weston C. J. in the 3d of *Fairfield*.



AGRICULTURAL.

DIALOGUE—DAIRYING.

Frank.—Father, if you were to describe in the Farmers' Cabinet the way in which you manage your dairy, I think it likely that some persons would consider about it, and take the trouble to try your plan, and see if it would prove more advantageous than their own.

Father.—In that I think you are mistaken. In the business of the dairy there is, I believe, more confidence felt and expressed, than in any other branch of husbandry; every one thinks his own mode of operation the best, and often, without the means of knowing how others perform that branch of their calling, have long determined upon a plan for themselves, which they would feel it very very unpleasant and even difficult to relinquish. And you must have observed with what determination our neighbors stick to their own methods, although they see that we always sell out our butter at the market before them, and at an uniformly higher price.

Frank.—I have observed that; and although I last week heard John Ross's mother make the same remark, and wonder how it could be, I am sure she knew why it is, but cannot determine to quit the old method which she has pursued through life. I am led to think about this just now, from the observation which I heard one of our customers make last market day. He was recommending our butter to a friend, and assured him he had kept some of it six weeks, and at the end of that time it was perfectly sweet and good; when his friend said, "Ay, and I have kept it longer than that, and still it is as good as ever." So I wish you would describe your method, which might be made applicable to our snug little farm of one hundred acres, you know; there are some, perhaps, who would put it into practice, if it were only for the curiosity of the thing.

Father.—Well, if from no better motive, I should be quite content if they would do so, only out of curiosity, for I, too, think my own way the best.

But I consider that the business of the dairy commences with the stables in which the cows are kept: these are often placed in some damp and shady situation, for the sake of being near to water, and by this the health of the cows is often very seriously affected,—this is highly improper. The situation of the stables should be dry and airy, and facing a little towards the east, so that the sun might shine full into the door at eleven o'clock; sufficient shelter can be obtained by good high fencing about the yard; and the best water is that which is supplied from a pump in the stable, so that the cows might drink warm water—not iced-water—in the winter, and cool water in the summer, and always get it sweet and clear—an important item in dairying. The approach for feeding should always be at the heads of the cows, and they should stand on a platform, a little sloping, about three or four inches in height, with a wide gutter passing behind them, well paved, along which the dung might easily be swept and conveyed away to the pit, outside the building. Each cow should be furnished with a rack and manger, and a short partition at the head of each forms the best security. The sliding ring on an upright pole attached to a leather collar and buckle, is preferable to every other mode of tying.

Frank.—Well, this is just the plan of our cow stables, and we know how convenient they are, and how clean our cows are kept during winter, compared with those of our neighbors.

Father.—True; this is the first step in the business: the next is, never to keep a cow in the dairy that is not decidedly profitable; few persons are aware of the immense difference there is between cows, in the products of the dairy, even when fed and managed in every respect in the same way. A very few unprofitable cows will soon reduce the whole concern to poverty. And I am something amused to read the statements in books, of the profits of a dairy, without the knowledge and experience on the part of the writers, that there is often about one hundred per cent difference in the value of cows in the same dairy. Now, there is our neighbor, Ross, in general a man of excellent judgment, but, upon this subject,

as thoughtless as a child; for he does not, I am sure, obtain from his large dairy half the quantity of butter that we do from ours, while the quality and the price which we obtain are still greatly in our favor. On examination, his cows are, one half of them, worse than useless, for they do not pay for their keep. These are those that he has reared from old favorite cows,* of no value in the dairy; but, as members of the family, have been looked up to with veneration for many years, exhibiting all the marks of an unprofitable breed for milk; hardy, perhaps, with a tendency to fatten; and to this purpose they ought to be consigned without mercy. Now, compare these animals with our Judy, Kate, and Nell, from which, as you know, we have, for many weeks past, made twelve pounds each of butter; and who exhibit in their forms every quality of great milkers, namely, the thin and soft skin and hair, light limbs, small head, and thin neck, and above all, narrow loins and rump; for, according to our friend, the Dishy sheep-breeder, this must be a mark of the greatest importance, if, as he says, "When an animal is narrow across the back, the juices flow over it, and settle in the belly, while on a wide and full-grown loin they remain, and go to produce flesh and fat," with odders large and full, and after milking, more like white leather bags to the sight and touch—these are the cows for a dairy, and will pay for keeping, but not, even they, for starving.

Frank.—But the pure Durhams, of which we hear so much, and which cost so much, too, are very different in their forms, and yet the accounts of their yield of butter and milk are enormous.

Father.—True; they might be called artificial cows and by treating them artificially, they have been made to perform wonders; but I would not fear comparison with those of ours above mentioned, under the same circumstances—quantity of butter, for food consumed—and there would be a very peculiar difference observable in the quality of the milk and butter of those enormously fat beasts, when compared with that from ours,—extremely rich of course, but with a peculiarity of flavor, and partaking of a meaty consistence, very discernible to a delicate taste—no disparagement, however, is meant; they are noble animals, but, in my estimation, better calculated for the cheese than the butter dairy, and only pay when their keep is high and strong.

Frank.—Then, I begin to see that a great difference in the advantage and profits of a dairy must arise from the kind of cows which are kept, independent of the cost and kind of food which they consume; and I can now understand why it is that our neighbors have remarked the peculiar fragrance of our butter, observable on opening the churn, just as the butter has "come." They have attributed it to the fine pasture of our cows, which, as they remark, being free from weeds, the butter must, of course, be free from bad taste or smell.

Father.—This is, no doubt, the fact, but with a different breed of cows, even this grand and important item would not make all the difference, for it is but natural that the milk of an animal should partake, in a very especial manner, of the juices and peculiar constitution of that animal; and it stands to reason that the produce of a large, fat, beefy cow, must be more coarse and strong-flavored than that of such as Judy, Kate, and Nell, whose very breath is like the newly-mown hay.

Frank.—I have often been astonished to see the cows that are generally kept by our neighbors, when driven into their yards to be milked, and to observe no difference in the size of their udders after the operation, when they are again turned to pasture. I believe that some of them do not produce two pounds of butter each, a week.

Father.—I dare say they do not—but this is only a part of the evil; it is almost uniformly the case, that the milk of cows which yield so little is inferior in quality, and oftentimes extremely nauseous in flavor, being produced from a different part of the system of the animal than that which is drawn from great milkers; and it is often contaminated with the impurities of that system, drawn off at the time of milking. Now, there are our neighbor Ticey's cows, they are all large and half fat, but when I compare his dairy account with mine, I find they do not yield near the quantity of butter that ours do, and are dry for three months in the year, while you know that ours would never go dry of themselves.

Frank.—Yes, I know that; for you remember that Kate calved within two days of our ceasing to milk her, and all the while her milk was perfectly sweet.

Father.—True; and when I have endeavored to persuade Ticey to exchange his large cows for those

*Old proverb—"The calf of a young cow, the pig of an old sow," i. e. for the purpose of rearing stock.

of a smaller breed, he has said, "But only calculate their value for fattening, after I have done with them in the dairy." "Yes," said I, "three or four years hence; but after I have obtained eight, ten, or twelve pounds of butter per week from a cow for seven or eight years, I can credit her a little on that score, while you do nothing with yours for about that time." No man in his right senses will keep a bad milker to rob him of his profit; better sell for almost nothing and buy for almost any thing, and keep an account of the profit and loss of the transaction.

Frank.—Well; now for the milk and butter account—I long to come to that.

Father.—And so it seems. But you are forestalling the business; you have forgotten that the cows have not yet been fed and properly attended—two little items in a dairy account, that, insignificant as you might consider them, are, I assure you, of great weight in our future calculations.

And now I consider that I should be at a loss to know how to provide through the winter for a dairy of cows on so small a farm as thirty-two acres arable, were it not for the introduction of the sugar beet into cultivation; that crop has, however, enabled us, as I have said, to do what we wish, and all that we wish for by proper management, a store of roots might be raised for the full supply of at least two-thirds of the year—from September to May—or longer, if it should be found necessary.

Much has been said and sung about the best method of preserving them for winter use; nothing is easier, for if they are buried so deep as to be out of the influence of the atmosphere, they might be kept perfectly sound and good for any length of time, and without vegetating.

For the purpose of sugar-making, it is quite necessary that fermentation, whether arising from heat or vegetation, should be guarded against; for the feeding of cattle, this is of but little importance; this, however, as well as injury from frost, might be totally prevented by burying deep. To this end, therefore, I would propose to dig a cellar under the cow stables to receive those roots that are to be fed during the autumn and early part of winter; while another cellar, immediately adjoining, and to which access might be had by means of a door from thence, deep and arched with brick, and covered thick with earth, and of sufficient capacity to contain the remainder of the stock of roots, should be formed outside the stables, with a round hole in the crown of the arch, through which the roots might be let down carefully, as they are brought by the carts. This hole should be closed and well covered with earth, as soon as the cellar is filled, and over it a low and slight shed might be built, in which to fodder young stock and sheep.

After the roots in the first cellar—that under the cow stables—are expended, a quantity, sufficient for a week or so, might be taken from the inner cellar, and deposited there for present use; so that the door need not be opened often than about once a week, care being taken to block it well with earth, after being properly closed.

With such a stock of roots and hay, and cut oats in the straw, no one need dread a winter of any length or severity. It will not be necessary to cut the roots, even for the young cattle or sheep, but an attachment might be made to the threshing mill, if there be one, for cutting the oats; and the same gearing might be used to churn the butter; or a small horse wheel might be erected for these purposes, which would be found a most valuable appendage to the establishment, saving much expense and labor.

And now for the milk and butter—or rather for the milk-house, which it is not indispensable should be erected over a spring, for with my method this is not necessary, as you know. The milk-house must be on the shady or north side of the dwelling, and should be well shaded with trees, with the means of having a thorough current of air when necessary; and during the heat of summer, a current of cold air might be obtained, by means of a bricked arch, or tunnel, running for some distance under the ground, and communicating with the external air in some shaded situation, passing under the wall of the milk-house, and rising by a grated aperture in the centre of the floor. No arrangement might be made for the introduction of water, for—and here is the peculiarity of our method—no water is ever permitted to come in contact with the milk or cream or butter, at any stage of the process. The utensils and every part of the milk house, shelves, and even the floor, are to be washed clean with hot water and rubbed quite dry, not being left to evaporate the moisture in the dairy, every part being kept as dry as possible at all seasons of the year.

The milk pans, three only in number, made of zinc, after a peculiar pattern, and managed in a peculiar way, according to the method described in the Far-

mers' Cabinet milk-house, a the old plan, is obtained in ble, and with bor." The pounds of but ing, not straig space, and the communicat there is room quently the la

In putting towa it to the creat as you would come in contact last. And whry to pour off churn again, to wash it; the it the fragrance to early r beaten together ded on any ac On taking the beaten, in lum piece of hard ed off, held in side, with a flat wood, with a l will be convin be driven out this, it is to be and salted, the lumps about a

And now, it cannot be ext try the above a put a portion c and examine it quite convince

Frank.—Is

butter? our fri that while he r butter, as fresh day before: n distance, and i like rancid and

Father.—I w gaged to take Janeiro, and the of the influence on crossing the it at the bottom at his port, and not a drop of it caped, & was it it was removed now transport to light barrels placed in larg rammed in; it found that no h of salt, even du

The quality of the delicacy of which they eat, the supply is so compelled to pu bred Durhams a and butter, whi are called valuable animal island within si either of them.

* Smoked ha summer, if they salt, taking car with each other.

Beet Sugar E county, whose account of a sm season, in makin He took two and white sugar them and press he boiled down gar, and it yield little milk and t syrup to clarify and evidently re He is convinced profit by commo

mers' Cabinet, p. 91, vol. 4, take but little room in the milk-house, and are found a vast improvement upon the old plan, "for all the cream and none of the milk is obtained in the most convenient manner imaginable, and with an incalculable saving of time and labor." The pump churn, which we use for 25 or 30 pounds of butter, is of the Welsh pattern, with swelling, not straight, sides; this gives the cream more space, and the agitation is greater and more easily communicated; and when the cream thickens, still there is room for the plunger to work, and consequently the labor is much lessened.

In putting the cream into the churn, it is very customary to wash the cream pans with water, and add it to the cream in the churn; this should be avoided, as you would avoid poison—not a drop of water must come in contact with the cream or butter, from first to last. And when the butter is "come," it is customary to pour off a part of the butter-milk, add water, and churn again, to beat the butter together, and in part to wash it; this is worse still, for it carries away with it the fragrance of the butter, and gives it a propensity to early rancidity. If the butter requires to be beaten together in the churn, no water should be added on any account, after letting off the butter-milk. On taking the butter out of the churn, it should be beaten, in lumps about two pounds each, on a thick piece of hard and smooth board, with the edges rounded off, held in the left hand, by a knob on the under side, with a flat and thick piece of very smooth, hard wood, with a handle; and on a single trial every one will be convinced that every particle of the milk can be driven out without washing with water. After this, it is to be spread on a smooth board or table, and salted, then rolled together and divided into lumps about a pound each, and beaten again; and it is then fit for the print.

And now, if those who think that the buttermilk cannot be extracted without washing with water, will try the above mode of management and working, and put a portion of the butter away for a month or two, and examine it at the end of that time, they will be quite convinced of a good many things.

Frank.—Is not the island of Jersey famed for good butter? our friend, William I. told us, you remember, that while he resided in Rio Janeiro, they ate Jersey butter, as fresh as though it had been made but the day before: now, how could it be conveyed to such a distance, and into such a hot climate, without becoming rancid and oily?

Father.—I was told of a captain of a vessel who engaged to take butter from the island of Jersey to Rio Janeiro, and that it might be as much as possible out of the influence of the heat of the climate, especially on crossing the line, he placed the barrels containing it at the bottom of the hold of the ship. On arriving at his port, and looking for his butter, he found that not a drop of it remained in the barrels! it had all escaped, & was found amongst the ballast, from whence it was removed by means of shovels. The way they now transport it is, to press it, with very little salt, into light barrels, well headed up, and these are then placed in large barrels, with a coating of salt well rammed in;* they are then carefully headed, and it is found that no heat will penetrate through a covering of salt, even during the longest voyage.

The quality of the Jersey butter arises rather from the delicacy of the breed of cows, than from the food which they eat, for on some of their very small farms the supply is so short, that at certain seasons they are compelled to put up with very coarse fare. The high bred Durhams show their origin and aptitude for milk and butter, which they inherit from the Alderneys, as they are called; although the handsomest and most valuable animals of this breed come from Jersey, an island within sight of those of Guernsey and Alderney, but the breed of its cattle is very different from that of either of them.

* Smoked hams may thus be preserved during the summer, if they are packed quite dry in boxes of dry salt, taking care that they do not come into contact with each other, or with the sides of the box.

Beet Sugar Experiment. A farmer from Genesee county, whose name we have mislaid, gave us a verbal account of a small experiment which he tried the past season, in making sugar from beets.

He took two barrels full (about 5 bushels) of yellow and white sugar beets to a cider mill, and ground them and pressed out of them a barrel of juice. This he boiled down in the same manner as for maple sugar, and it yielded twenty pounds of good sugar. A little milk and the white of an egg was put into the syrup to clarify it; but the sugar was of a dark color, and evidently requires some other process to purify it. He is convinced that beet sugar can be made with profit by common farmers, without any other apparatus

than a common cider mill and press, and two kettles. He intends to try a larger quantity this year, and hopes to succeed in making a better quality of sugar.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE VISITOR.

CONDUCTED BY CYRIL PEARL.

The following beautiful tribute to the Farmers in Maine, will perhaps be recognised as the production of the same rich mine of poetic genius as the 'Home in the Mountains' published some weeks since. We copy it from the Portland Transcript and cheerfully endorse the sentiment of the Editor of that paper who is not ignorant of the elements or the charms of rich poetry. The following is his language:

"Its length should not discourage a perusal, for to our mind it contains the elements of pure poetry:—not the gloss and tinsel of modern rhymes, perhaps, but the rich ore of Gay, and Crabbe, and Goldsmith. It is evidently written by one to whom—

"The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast."

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

I.
Happy the man, not doomed afar to roam,
In distant lands, beneath a foreign sky,
Who hath a humble and secluded home,
Bathed by the little brook that prattles by,
With trees begirt, and birds that warble nigh.
He, as he sitteth in his humble state,
Hath little cause for earth's poor gauds to sigh;
He needs not envy whom the world calls great,
Who live in splendid house, with men that on them wait.

II.

The king upon a throne a sceptre wields,
The cottager for a sceptre wields a hoe;
But kings have griefs, which he, who tills the fields
In humble honesty, doth never know.
He, who through life in quietness would go,
Far from the noisy world his way will keep,
Beside the streams in solitude that flow,
Contented with his little flock of sheep,
Nor seek, in Glory's paths, her fading wreaths to reap.

III.

Far to the woodland haunts I turn mine eye,
Nor longer in the troubled world remain,
Where I have known no sweets of liberty,
And seeming joy hath turned to real pain.
Welcome to wood, to mountain, and to plain,
To silent streams, and forests reaching wide!
But chiefly guide my weary step again
To youth's rude scenes, Cocheco's gushing tide,
And that old Cottage, once that graced its verdant side.

IV.

Meekly arose its moss-besprinkled wall,
Where broad and green the elm majestic bore
Its branches o'er it, overshadowing all
The space around its hospitable door;
Within, might one behold its little store,
The plates well ranged, the shelves that neatly graced,
The chairs of oak upon the sanded floor,
The wheel industrious in its corner placed,
The clock, "that hourly told, how life runs on to waste."

V.

Once more the pensive eve with silent tread
Returns to hush the noisy world to peace;
Once more the Farmer seeks his humble shed,
Glad from his daily toil to gain release,
His task accomplished and his heart at ease,
And hails betimes the Fireside of his Cot;
And there, as from the hills the shades increase,
"The world forgetting by the world forgot."
He tastes the simple joys, that soothe his quiet lot.

VI.

His patient herd, ere set the beams of day,
With lowings oft alarmed the neighboring plain;
Now penn'd within the well known bars, they pay
Their milky tribute to his pails again.
His flocks upon the distant hill remain,
Their tinkling bells sound in the passing wind;
Though small the limits of his rude domain,
Yet fails he not a due supply to find,
From lowing herd and field, and from the bleating kind.

VII.

To greet him home the crackling faggots burn;
The housewife, busy round the blazing fire,
Cheers with her smiles her husband's low'd return.
His children climb around their honor'd sire,
And to his fond caress once more aspire;
Inquisitive, they ask of each far field,
Whether its hills, than their own cliffs are higher?
What wonders there of cascade are revealed?

What flowers enchanting bloom, what gifts the mountains yield?

VIII.

The smiling Father in his turn inquires,
What sights of joy hath bright-ey'd Mary seen?
The kind, parental look her voice inspires,
And she doth tell, where o'er their plat of green
The elm erects its sun-excluding screen,
She watch'd the lambs, and saw them at their play;
Nor had they long at their rude gambols been,
Ere two small birds, perch'd on a little spray,
Proud of their wings of red, pour'd forth their pretty lay.

IX.

His father's knee his Mary soon surmounts,
Around his neck her tender arms she throws;
From her bright eyes, as from celestial founts,
The laughing light through locks of darkness glows.
Nor she alone. He on them all bestows
Alike his kisses, and alike his tears,
Who bloom'd, (on autumn's bosom like the rose,
'Mid cold and storm its loveliness that rears,)
To cheer his riper age, and deck his vale of years.

X.

To him, how bless'd the daylight's closing gleam,
The hour, that ushers bliss supremely dear,
When bright his hearth expands its evening beam,
And needed rest succeeds to toil severe!
The cricket chirps his humble home to cheer;
The cheerful blaze illumines the whitewash'd wall;
Bow'd on the hearth the weari'd dog sleeps near;
The playful kitten, round and round, the ball
Urges with active sport, unmindfully of all.

XI.

The children too, dispos'd to childish mirth,
Their busy laugh and prattle do not spare.
Such sounds of joy, such sports around his hearth,
Scenes, which each eve returning doth repair,
Charm from the farmer's breast corroding care,
And banish it to "blank oblivion foul."
Hark! Loud and startling through the misty air,
The prowling wolf resumes his nightly howl,
And from the hollow oak is heard the muffled owl.

XII.

How oft I sought that distant, lonely cot!
A grandam dwelt there, when my days were young,
And there, when Christmas logs blaz'd red and hot,
And wintry blasts their nightly descant sung,
My soul delighted on her lips has hung,
As spoke she oft of dreadful deeds of yore,
How savage men with savage fury sprung
Upon the lonely cot, and tides of gore
Were shed, as when the clouds their vernal treasures pour.

XIII.

Her hands were withered as an autumn's leaf,
Her cheeks were like a parched and shrivelled scroll;
In truth she'd seen, though life at best be brief,
No less than eighty years their circuits roll,
And friends and kindred reach their earthly goal;
And sitting by her busy wheel to spin,
While swift the hours at evening onward stole,
We teased her oft some story to begin,
And as she slowly mov'd her old, projecting chin,

XIV.

Of Chieftains of the old years she told,
Of Hopehood's wars and Paugus' frantic yell,
And, as her lips those bloody deeds unfold,
And, as with upturn'd gaze we heard her tell,
Unconsciously the chrystral tear-drops fell:
For, from our infancy we'd heard and read
Of chiefs from Canada, and knew full well
Of Sachem's wrath, that feasted on the dead,
And shook the haughty plume, and arin with life-blood red.

XV.

Oh, who can tell to what a storm of grief,
In those sad days our father's heads were bar'd!
They were no common sorrows, few and brief,
For capture wasted what the sword had spared.
Yet strong in faith, for each event prepared,
To live or die, as God should order how,
The griefs and dangers of their lot they dared,
They walked in joy and glory with the plough,
And at the throne of God did morn and evening bow.

XVI.

Deem it not strange such recollections fill
With feelings new and strong the youthful mind;
They make e'en sear'd and aged bosoms thrill,
And mourn the woes, that fall on human kind.
One evening to that Cot my steps inclined,
The giant elm-tree waved before its door,
The frowning clouds were driven before the wind,
The distant cataract was heard to roar,
And pale the tranquil moon, as foam on ocean's shore.

XVII.

There too a soldier bent his nightly way,
('Twas long ago,) one of "the Old French War,"
Who carried proof of fierce and bloody fray
Upon his visage, marked with seam and scar.
Weary his step, for he had wandered far,
The locks upon his silvered head were few,

His eye was like the winter's clouded star,
But much that eye had seen, and much he knew,
Though now his frame was bent, and towards the
grave he drew.

xviii.

The sturdy staff, that in his hand he bore,
Was parted from an oak, whose branches spread
Near wild Cocheoco's oft remembered roar;
And bending to the farmer's cot his tread,
He gave one rap, and well his purpose sped;
The farmer hail'd him to his lone abode,
Gave him a portion of his cup and bread,
And soon, forgetful of the tedious road,
How fields were lost and won, the aged soldier show'd.

xix.

He told the deeds of Abraham's blood-red plain,
Where, as their standards flashed upon the gale,
The rival warriors fell like summer's rain,
And shouts were heard, triumphant songs, and wail;
Not unto him a visionary tale;
For, where the wide St. Lawrence winds his way,
He fought with Wolfe, call'd from his native vale,
And dark Piscatawass' glades of green array,
To cross the mountains blue to distant Canada.

xx.

Full well he knew the cruelties of strife,
For, as he trod, with blood-red foot the field,
He saw full many in the morn of life,
Their parents' hope, to death and darkness seal'd.
Alas, what woes that dreadful day reveal'd!
The day, when fell the chivalrous Montcalm.
And then more loud the trump's its war-note peal'd;
And, (wither'd be the hand that wrought such harm,)
Soon Wolfe sunk bleeding low, nerveless his mighty
arm.

xxi.

Thus did the bow'd old man, with hony head,
Relate the sad and stormy times of yore,
When jealous France and England madly shed
Upon the deserts of this Western shore,
As it were worthless dust, their bosoms gore.
So prompt are men, from pride or lust of gain,
Whate'er they have, still seeking after more,
To scoff at love, and justice to profane,
And with a brother's blood a brother's hand to stain.

xxii.

But tho' such tales were heard with many a tear,
And mem'ry, fancy, feeling all possess'd,
Yet soon, in truth, the gayety and cheer
That ever animate the youthful breast,
By solemn thoughts, unconquer'd, unsuppress'd,
Awoke in sports anew; the slipper's sound
By youth and village maiden, ne'er at rest,
Was driven through the circle round and round,
And every check did smile, and every heart did bound.

xxiii.

E'en the old soldier felt his bosom thrill
With memory of scenes, that erst he knew;
His mind the visions of his childhood fill,
And as around the room the children flew
At Blind-Man's Buff, he would have join'd them too,
But age to youth will not wing back its flight;
To sit and smile was all that he could do,
While he, who blinded was, to left and right
Rush'd wildly round the room, and caught them, as he
might.

xxiv.

At blind-man's buff, who hath not often play'd,
At pledges oft the moments to beguile.
When sober evening lends her peaceful shade,
When heart replies to heart, and smile to smile?
The hearth is burden'd with the oaken pile,
Such as New England's forests well can spare;
Still flies the slipper round;—a few meanwhile
The warriors of the chequer-board prepare,
The garrulous old folk draw, round the fire, the chair.

xxv.

But now the white moon, through the clouds revealed,
Doth tread the topmost arches of the sky—
The Farmer's cot, the cultivated field,
The brook, the plain, the mountain soaring high,
Beneath her beams in wild profusion lie—
The dog upon the ground hath lain his breast,
Still'd is his howl, and eas'd his restless eye,
The sturdy woodcutter hath gone to rest,
The flock is on the hill, the bird is on the nest.

xxvi.

Farewell, thou cottage, for 'tis late at eve,
Farewell, ye scenes to memory ever dear!
Now old, and youth, and maiden take their leave,
Their kerchiefs wave, and with adieu sincere,
The rural company soon disappear;
Some through yon scattered woods, that skirt the moor,
Some to yon mountains, craggy, bold, and drear,
And by the Fireside of the cot once more,
Devotion lifts her voice, as she was wont of yore.

xxvii.

The thoughtful Farmer reads the Sacred Book,
Then with the wife and children of his heart,
With solemn soul and reverential look,
He humbly kneels, as is the Christian's part,

And worships Thee, our Father, Thee, who art,
The good man's hope, the poor man's only stay;
Who hast a balm for sorrow's keenest dart,
A smile for those, to thee who humbly pray,
Which, like the morning sun, drives every cloud
away.

xxviii.

Thou Lord of Heaven above, and earth below,
Our maker, friend, our guardian, and our all,
The Farmer keep from every want and woe,
Nor let the thunderbolts, that most appal,
Of righteous vengeance dreadful on him fall;—
With him preserve his dear, his native land;—
A cloud be round her, and a fiery wall,
In innocence and honor let her stand,
And centuries yet to come, oh, hold her in thy hand.

SUMMARY.

The number of inhabitants in Boston, according to the census just completed, is 84,401—viz: 39,081 males, and 45,320 females. The population in 1830 was 61,392; in 1835, 78,003.

Freaks of Lightning.—It is said that during a thunder storm at Marseilles, in France, a short time since, the lightning entered a house of public entertainment, where the landlord was bottling off some wine. It passed between his legs, and carried away the bottle in his hand, which was half full, and it was afterwards found among the empty bottles at some distance, unbroken. The fluid ran through the house in every direction. In its passage it carried a cradle from one room to another. There were 28 guests assembled in the house, but not one of them was hurt.

Never put water on the leaves of flowers or plants of any kind when the sun shines on them. In this follow nature. It seldom rains when the sun shines.

The Germantown Telegraph states that Mr. Philip Physick, is feeding, at his cocoonery, 6,000,000 of silk worms, and that he expects to feed 14,000,000 more this season. Only two hands are engaged in the building, though a large proportion of the worms are winding, and some are 3 weeks old.

The Providence Journal says, "The grass crop is now ready for the scythe, and the air already begins to be laden with the perfume of the new mown hay. The grass crop is the largest that has been known in this part of the country for many years, and the other crops look well for the season. There is every hope of an abundant harvest."

A Fact for Office Seekers.—The New York Sunday Atlas says:—"If all the labor and capital employed for the past five years in this State, in seeking office, had been expended in raising potatoes, the product would have been much greater, and the public good promoted in a far higher degree."

The bituminous coals of the United States are much heavier than those of Europe. The American coals generally, exceed one ton in weight to the cubic yard, while we have no instance of a bituminous coal which reaches one ton to the cubic yard in Europe. So also, with the American Anthracite coals. They much exceed in density those of which we have any knowledge on the other side of the water.

Silk Hats.—Petitions from the hat makers of New York and other cities have been sent to Congress, to ask for a change in the present tariff in relation to silk hats, which are now entered free of duty as *made of silk*, when, in fact they are fur bodied hats covered with silk.

The New Brunswickers are feasting on a Maine ox, which weighed 2,400 lbs. A much more agreeable business this, than fighting.

Important decision in Illinois.—We learn from the Republican that the Supreme Court of Illinois lately in session at Springfield, have pronounced their decision in the case so long and ably argued at the previous term of the Court. The case involved the right, under the Constitution of the State of an alien to vote. The Court affirmed the judgement of the Circuit Court, which declared that an alien had not the right to vote. Illinois and Michigan are the only states of the Union to which this privilege has been accorded to citizens not naturalized. So far as the first named State is concerned, this construction of the Constitution can no longer prevail.

Sheep.—A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce states that in fourteen States of the Union there are 12,897,633 sheep, yielding nearly 42,000,000 lbs. of wool, valued in 1830, from an average of ten years, at \$21,168,000. In the whole State of New York, there were 4,299,879.

A Texas editor accused a brother editor thereof of having but one shirt, and says he borrowed that. To this the second editor replies that the first is so poor that he has been obliged to sleep under a wheelbarrow for the last three months.

To whom does she belong?—Chief Justice Shaw, in deciding a case the other day, remarked that, "If a

married woman has good proof that her husband is dead, she may marry again, and if her husband turns out to be alive and returns, she undoubtedly would not be guilty of bigamy, because the guilty intent was wanting; but which husband would be entitled to her, would be a matter of doubt."

In a contest between these two husbands, a Solomon might propose to divide the chattel, but such a test might not prove conclusive as in the case of the child.

A young man named Colson was fined by Alderman Mitchell, at Philadelphia, on Saturday last, \$2 00 and costs, for using profane language in the presence of ladies in Franklin square.

Murder.—Alexander Atkinson, Esq. of Camden Co. Ga. was murdered by eight of his negroes. The negroes were all taken.

Charles Cist, Esq. who is engaged in taking the census at Cincinnati says:—"I found a lady who, at the age of 29, had 14 children, the oldest being born on her 14th birth day! And another—a case more remarkable—in which her son stood by her side within a few months as old as she was when married, and the mother not yet 26. Consequently the mother was about 13 when married.

Michigan is becoming a perfect wheat granary. On Door Prairie alone there are 33,000 acres sown with wheat, 1500 of which belong to one person.

United States commerce.—From the annual statement, presented to Congress, it appears that the imports into this country for the year ending September 30, 1839, were \$162,092,132—and the exports for the same period were 121,023,410. Of these exports \$17,494,525, were foreign articles reshipped. Of the imports, \$143,874,252 were brought in American, and the rest in foreign vessels. During the year the amount of American tonnage entered was 1,491,279 tons and the amount of tonnage cleared, was 1,478,928. The tonnage of shipping built in the United States during the year, was 120,986. The whole tonnage registered, enrolled, and licensed, of the United States, would appear from the report to be 2,228,423—of which about 200,000 is in the fishing and whaling business.—*N. Y. Tattler.*

First Railroad in British North America.—The Gleaner published at Miramichi, May 27, gives an account of the opening of the Railroad from the Albion Mines to South Picton. It is stated that the delays which have been heretofore experienced in loading ships with coal, need not now be apprehended, as they will henceforward be delivered from the end of the Railroad, on board of all vessels drawing thirteen feet of water and under.

New Wheat.—Already they have harvested the wheat in East Tennessee, and are eating of the new flour.

This year promises to surpass all its predecessors in the number of emigrants. At Quebec, alone, the number to June 20th, exceeds by 11,000 those up to this time last year.

New Potatoes.—We have seen potatoes of this year's growth very good size for cooking, from the garden of Mr. Samuel Chadwick of this city. Cucumbers nearly fit for the table are growing in the same garden. The vegetation in this vicinity is about two weeks in advance of the last year at the same time, and there is every prospect of abundant crops.—*Portland Ad.*

To RESTORE DROWNING PERSONS.—A correspondent of the New York Star, inasmuch as the season has arrived when accidents on the water are most likely to occur, encloses the following to the editor, in relation to the recovery of persons apparently drowned. Many valuable lives, dear to a father's or mother's heart, might have been saved if the mode of treatment proper in such cases was known.

Method of Restoring Life to the Apparently Drowned; recommended by the "Royal Humane Society of England," instituted in the year 1774.—Avoid all rough usage. Do not hold up the body by the feet, nor roll it on casks or barrels. Lose not a moment in carrying the body to the nearest house, with the head and shoulders raised. Place it in a warm room if the weather is cold. Preserve silence, and positively admit no more than three intelligent persons. Let the body be instantly stripped, dried and wrapped in hot blankets, which are to be frequently renewed. Keep the mouth, nostrils and throat free and clean. Apply warm substances to the back, spine, pit of the stomach, arm-pits and soles of the feet. Rub the body with heated flannel, or cotton, or warm hands. Attempt to restore breathing by gently blowing with a bellows, into one nostril, closing the mouth and the other nostril. Press down the breast carefully, with both hands, then let it rise again, and thus imitate natural breathing. Keep up the application of heat—continue the rubbing—*increase it when life appears*, and then give a tea spoon full of warm water, or very weak brandy and water, or wine and water. *Persevere for six hours.* Send quickly for medical assistance.

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June 17, 18

The Sub-Treasury Bill.—This bill has at last passed both houses of Congress and become a law. The vote on its passage, in the House of Representatives, was 124 ayes to 107 nays. Without expressing an opinion for or against the policy of the measure, we may remark that we are truly glad that the question is settled. The public have become tired with the oft-repeated arguments in reference to it. They have become convinced that time has been occupied by the discussion of its merits that could have been much better applied. This bill was the "great card" of the session; it has been most elaborately dwelt upon, and whether its operations will be for good or for evil, remains to be seen. We suppose an adjournment will very soon take place now, though there are a vast number of bills of a public and private nature, which yet remain unacted upon. Among these is the General Bankrupt law—a measure of leading importance, the discussion of which would probably occupy weeks.—*Balt. Sun.*

Consumption of Flour.—It is estimated that 12,000,000 of barrels of flour are annually consumed in the United States.

Flour.—The receipts of flour at New York from the west, during the present season, have been about 320,000 barrels.

The British Steamer Argyle, which was recently seized by the Collector of the Port of New Orleans, has been released, and proceeded on her return voyage to Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult.

The farmers in the vicinity of Philadelphia have just finished their hay-making, and the crops in most instances, it is said, have been particularly abundant.

Adjournment of Congress.—The House of Representatives has adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 21st inst. The Senate, it is believed, will concur in the resolution. Congress will then have been in session thirty-three weeks.

Gold.—The product of the Southern Gold Mines in 1839, was about \$400,000; and since they first began to be worked, about \$10,000,000. This is the estimate of John H. Wheeler Esq., Superintendent of the Branch Mint, at Charlotte, N. C.

MARRIED,

In Westbrook, Mr. Henry B. Boddy to Miss Ann Maria Proctor; Mr. Alexander M. Waite, of Falmouth, to Miss Mary E. Sweet, of W.

In Hallowell, Mr. D. D. Blunt, of Norridgewock, to Miss Lucinda G. Bishop, of Mount Vernon.

In Waterville, Mr. Joseph G. Goulding, of Wayne, to Miss Frances P. Hubbard, of Waterville.

In Gorham, Mr. Micajah C. Strout, of Limington, to Miss Olive F. Jackson, of G.

In Sumner, Mr. Thomas J. Bisbee to Miss Silvia Stetson.

In Hollis, by Rev. Mr. Seavey, Mr. Nathaniel Hanson, of Buxton, to Miss Mary L. Woodman, of Hollis.

Happy their dwelling when their sons
Like pillars round their palace sit,
And daughters bright as polished stone,
Give strength and beauty to their state.

DEED,

In Buxton, of consumption, Charles L. Foss aged 79.

Jumped overboard, from ship Rousseau, of New Bedford, Oct. 11, 1839, Samuel Peabody, a native of Maine.

In Rochester, N. Y. June 22, the venerable Nathaniel Thayer, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Lancaster. He alighted at the Rochester House at 10 o'clock in the evening in apparently good health, and at 2 was a corpse! His death was occasioned by an affection of the heart.

In Buxton, July 5, James Page, aged 43, occasioned by falling from a bridge.—On the 6th inst., Phineas Towle, aged 20.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

(From the New England Farmer.)

At market 345 Beef Cattle, 10 pairs Working Oxen, 15 Cows and Calves, 1450 Sheep, and 200 Swine.

125 Beef Cattle remain unsold.

PRICES—Beef Cattle.—We reduce our quotations to conform to sales; first quality 6 25; second quality 5 75 a \$6; third quality \$5 a 5 50.

Working Oxen.—No sales noticed.

Cows and Calves.—Sales at \$22, 27, 30, 33, 40, and 45.

Sheep—Dull.—Lots sold for \$1 33, 1 75, 1 88, 2 25, 2 50, and 2 75.

Swine.—No lots were sold to peddle; a few were retained from 4 1/2 to 7 1/2.

Pigs—Pigs—Pigs.

FOR sale, a litter of ten pigs of the Berkshire breed. They will be four weeks old July 13th.

JOHN KEZER, Jr.

June 17, 1840.

THE WEATHER.

Range of the Thermometer and Barometer at the office of the Maine Farmer.

1840.

July. Thermom. Barometer. Weather. Wind.

3,	59	65	64	29.80	29.80	29.85	C. C. C.	SW.	E.
4,	62	70	70	29.65	29.75	29.65	C. F. F.	E.	E.
5,	62	71	71	29.85	29.90	29.90	F. F. F.	N.	SE.
6,	64	71	70	29.90	29.90	29.90	F. F. F.	SE.	SE.
7,	63	70	69	29.85	29.85	29.80	F. C. C. S.	SE.	SE.
8,	66	72	71	29.75	29.75	29.70	C. F. F.	SE.	SE.
9,	68	72	72	29.55	29.45	29.	C. F. F.	SE.	

F. for Fair weather; C. cloudy; S. snow; R. rain.

The place of these letters indicate the character of the weather at each time of observation—viz. at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset.

s. Shower between observations.

The direction of the wind is noted at sunrise and sunset.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

List of Broken Banks in New-England.

Burrville, R I	Kennebec, Me.
Commonwealth, Boston	Lafayette, South Boston.
Chelesa Bank, Chelsea, Ms.	Middlesex, Cambridge.
Castine, Me.	Nahant Bank, Lynn, Ms.
Derby, Conn.	Norfolk, at Roxbury, Ms.
Eagle, New Haven, Conn.	Oldtown, at Orono, Me.
Fulton, Boston, Ms.	Passamaquoddy, Eastport,
Franklin, at South Boston	Roxbury, Ms.
Farmers', Belchertown, Ms.	Wiscasset, Me.

List of Banks in New-England, whose charters have expired; Sutton Bank, Wilkinsonville, Ms., Farmers & Mechanics, Pawtucket, R I; Bath Bank, Me., Winthrop Bank, Me.; Kennebunk Bank, at Arundel, Me.; Bangor Bank, Me.; Saco Bank, Me., "old Cumberland Bank, Portland, Me.; Newburyport Bank, Mass.; Waterville Bank, Me.; Concord, (Sparhawk, easier,) N H.; Mendon Bank, Mass.; Phoenix Bank, Nantucket, Mass.; Damariscotta Bank, Damariscotta, Me. City, at Portland.

* The bills of these Banks are still received.

The Providence banks have resumed specie payments, except the Commercial.

Bills not received at the Suffolk Bank—per et. discount.

MAINE. Agricultural at Brewer, no sale.	
Bangor Commercial,	5
Calais, at Calais,	7 1/2
Damariscotta Bank,	10
Frankfort Bank, at Frankfort,	7 1/2
Georgia Lumber Co. at Portland,	5
Mercantile, at Bangor,	5
Oxford Bank, at Fryeburg, fraud.	
Oldtown, at Orono, no sale.	25
Stillwater Canal, at Orono,	25
Westbrook, at Westbrook,	3
Washington County, at Calais,	10

NEW-HAMPSHIRE. Wolfeborough Bank, no sale.

Concord	15 a 20
MASSACHUSETTS. Commonwealth, Boston,	30

Chelsea,	90
Fulton, at Boston,	50

Farmers & Mechanics', Adams, South Village,	90
Middling Interest, at Boston,	20

Middlesex, at Cambridge,	5
Norfolk, at Roxbury,	15

Nahant,	90
Roxbury, no sale.	

RODE-ISLAND. Scituate Bank,	50
All Providence City Banks,	3 1/2

All others in the State,	2
VERMONT. Bennington, at Bennington,	5

Essex, at Guilhall, no sale.	
Manchester, at Manchester	3

St. Albans, at St. Albans,	3
CONNECTICUT. Housatonic Rail Road Co.	4

Bridgeport at Bridgeport,	4
Stamford at Stamford,	4

Fairfield County Bank,	3
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Wove Wire.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he is prepared to furnish wove wire of all descriptions, and of the best quality, as cheap as it can be obtained in Boston. Wire can be furnished at short notice for Gris Mil, cleaners, sieves, separators, cellar window frames, cheese screens, sieves for separating peas from oats, &c. of any required width or dimensions. Those wanting wire for any of the above purposes are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. All orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

C. C. HOSLY.

6w27

Butter Wanted.

200 pounds of good Butter wanted in payment for the Maine Farmer, to be delivered at the office in Winthrop, for which a fair price will be allowed.

Treasurer's Office,

Augusta, June 21, 1840.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all claims upon the State, now due and for which Warrants or Script are now outstanding, will be paid on presentment as follows.—those held

In the County of York—to the Manufacturers Bank, Sa-co.

In the County of Cumberland, to Jas. B. Cahoon, Esq.

POETRY.

Original.

LINES,

Written on the death of BETSEY W. PERLEY, daughter of Capt. FRANCIS PERLEY, of this town, who died, June 21, 1840.

If dying genius claims affection's tear,
If pain and sickness e'er extort a sigh,
Who will not bend o'er Betsey's youthful bier,
And mourn in anguish that such worth should die?

But hark! methinks I hear a cherub's song,
And seraph voices mingling in the strains;
Angelic choirs the tuneful notes prolong,
And swell the raptures on the heavenly plains.

Dear parents cease to weep, and mourn no more,
Why should I linger in a world of pain?
No griefs or sickness reach this healthful shore,
But joys extatic here forever reign.

Here I shall sin and sigh and grieve no more,
Here I behold and praise the God of love;
A few short years when all your troubles o'er,
I'll wait to greet you in these realms above.

Winthrop, July 1, 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Original.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AT SALMON FALLS
—SALMONARY LEGENDS, AND SUPERSTITIONS AT ORCHARD BEACH.

SACO RIVER, June, 1840.

If any of your good natured friends, Doctor, are disposed like Doctor Syntax to travel "in search of the picturesque," just give them a right direction to Salmon Falls, on Saco River. The passion for "the wild and wonderful" can here be gratified to the full. The Falls here extend for three quarters of a mile, literally bounded by high rocky shores. During the spring freshet it runs feather white for the entire distance. The stream is compressed within narrow limits, and makes haste to escape through its rock-guantlet, as if fearing the wrath of the impending ledges which almost threaten to close upon its current.

These Falls, as their name attests, were once a favorite resort of the Salmon. The Old Salmon Rock is still pointed out by the "Old Settlers" as the scene of much exciting sport. It required a practiced and strong arm to cast the net into the swift water and drag it when heavily laden to the shores. The fat feast of many a dainty epicure has been here procured, and the palate of many an old man will renew its parted taste when the Salmon Rock is named.

The pride of epicures has been expelled by the accumulation of Dams and Mills. The Salmon, like the Indian, flees from before the face of civilization and modern improvement. It delights to sport in natural water falls, or to repose in the cool depth of some quiet eddy. "The works of human artifice," it will not abide. It resents with strong aboriginal dislike all intrusion upon its long possessed and lawful domain, and when persecuted by improvements in our river, it observes the scriptural injunction, to "flee to another." It goes from its long accustomed haunts, away—from tire and disturbance to other waters, unfrequented and unimproved by man.

The last lone Salmon was taken some twenty years since, in "Cook's Brook" which comes in at the foot of the Falls. He was a long, lean, lank, Calvin Edson looking fish. But a Salmon, even then was a rarity in this River, and the capture of this one, though a "scaly fellow," was celebrated with something similar to an Indian triumph. His carcase was well served up, and those who declared his bones were too lean "to pick," were ready at the dinner hour to "take them as they come." His skeleton appearance, not unlike that of the Death head at an Egyptian feast, caused mirth rather than sadness. A few scattering Salmon have since that period been taken down river, but their visits have been "few, and far between." We, of Salmon Falls, now "have the name, without the game."

If I can toll you here, Doctor, (you can pass the river toll free,) you can gather geological specimens of the hardest kind. A river ramble would delight you much. Just kick over the Editor's Chair and spend a week of summer here.* I will insure you a

* NOTE. Good, Salathiel. We thank thee for the invitation and we thank thee for the thought, but we must enjoy it only in thought. An Editor's chair sticks to him a leetle snugger than did the old man on poor Sinbad's back. The only chance that he has for an airing is when he opens his mouth to take in a puff of the East wind for his breakfast.

ED.

warm time of it. I will, however, take you to the "Indian cellar," a natural cavity in the River's bank, just midway down the falls, which is a capital place to "cool off." Its rock walls are laid up like all of nature's mason work—though parts and parcels sometimes take a tumble to the imminent danger of the intruder. I was quietly sitting, on the cellar's bottom, back-braced by its stone wall, when a rock of no inconsiderable size, infected with the "spirit of the age," "all of a sudden" realized its power of locomotion, came, bounding from its resting place over-head, and made its "settlement" by my side. "An inch to spare," thought I, which is as good as an ell. "An inch nearer," and its weight of character would have been fully impressed upon me. I could however pardon its rude and intruding familiarity, though it made a close acquaintance, and almost took me by the button. Had my head been in its course it would have cracked (I intend no pun, Doctor,) a capital joke. It would have been playing upon heads, which is a more serious matter than playing upon words. Am I not to be felicitated, from having escaped un-pun-ished by this destructive and leveler. When such is the "march of mind"—or matter either—no matter which—heaven keep me from crossing its path. My phrenological developments had a jubilee on the occasion. They narrowly dodged the addition of this last, unclassified bump, to their number, which would have out-numbered them all. Yet this Rock might have had its errand—perhaps the preparation of casts for a collection. A feeling proof of its mission would have placed all my capital at the disposal of some itinerant fumble skull. My "Figure head" would have made a sorry figure, in being thus exhibited to the wonderous gaze of gullible mortals. How the Flat-heads would have stared at mine made flat! I quickly realized for this rock, its desire of abasement, and helped it to "find in the lowest depths a lower deep"—by sending it in hot haste and in hot temper to the bottom of the river. My combativeness and destructiveness combined to do this latter work.

If I have run into personal matters, 'tis yours Doctor, to "abate the nuisance." The subject which leads me off might have been a painful one, and is deep fraught with feeling. Its result is truly pleasant to think upon. I am a "hard case," but not equal to contest with such "a hard customer" as that rock might have proved. When I want the rocks and the mountains to fall on me, I will call for 'em—but am not at home to gratuitous visitors of that character.

To day is the twenty-sixth of June, and a great day it is on Old Orchard Beach. There is a superstition connected with the origin of which like that of Stone Henge, is unknown. The waters of the Ocean are troubled on this day, in verity; for all who have diseases, real or imaginary, go into to find healing, and the number, which collects from the wide country round, is great indeed. Those who have great faith come from a great distance, and Saco Village turns out a host of incredulous but curious spectators, who watch the operation of the dippers with that degree of interest and mirth which superstitious observances are prone to excite in those who possess unfeeling hearts. Those who believe that salt water on this day will cure "all manner of diseases among the people," exercise a degree of faith which defies experience. It is "faith without works;" for I am unable to learn that any cures have been worked, either by faith or salt water. The sight on the Beach to day would at any rate be good for weak eyes. Just imagine the ocean's shore lined with men and women and children, infected with every variety of ill which human flesh is heir to—and then marching by troops into the swelling and breaking surf. The whole shore resounds with screams and cries of timid women and frightened children, who cannot contain themselves, when being covered by the cold weltering waves. The waters must be troubled, and riled too. May the faith of the dippers save them—from drowning—if it does not make them whole.

This day, I am told, is observed in like manner in England and Wales. Doubtless our people have it from foreign origin. I would like among other things to know the reason—if there be reason in it,—as "in roasting eggs." The observance has come down to us, but the why and wherefore, tradition does not tell.

Yours, truly,

SALATHIEL.

An Alarm at Sea. The captain of one of our down-east schooners found himself one day becalmed in a fog off the Isle of Shoals, near Portsmouth, N. H. The vessel lay with a slight motion, when the captain, with a quick ear of a seaman, discovered, by the creaking sound of cordage, that there was another vessel close haul upon him, which might run a foul in short order. He had neither gun nor trumpet, to give his neighbor warning of their near approach; and the best thing he could think of was to set his men drum-

ming on some empty casks; but to no purpose, as the sound increased, and the vessel was nearing him. As a last effort of ingenuity, he seized a handspike, and applying it to the ear of an old grunter that happened to be on board, gave it several turns, none of the easiest, which brought forth a squeal almost as loud as the big-whistle of our locomotive engines. This signal was effectual; and just before coming in sight of his neighbor craft, bows on, he heard her captain exclaim to the man at the helm, in a voice of thunder, "Starboard your helm, blast your eyes—starboard your helm we're close upon a hog yard."

Morality of the Georgians. This wild people have a curious reason for indulgence in robbery. They pretend, that after God had created the world he published a decree, by which all people were summoned to take possession of their several portions: the whole of mankind had a share, except the inhabitants of Caucasus, who were forgotten. Upon putting in their claim, which the Deity acknowledged to be just, he permitted them to live at the expense of their neighbors; and most assuredly they reap ample profits upon presumption of the license.

A GENTLE CALL.

We are aware that the times are uncommonly hard, business dull, and very little money circulating, and that it is bad enough to suffer the pinch of the times, without being dunned. But there are many of our subscribers owing us who always have a little money on hand, and can spare it as well now as at any other time. We have a pretty heavy bill becoming due soon for paper, &c. and every little will help us.

Those therefore who can send us in a little will materially assist us. All we ask is enough to enable us to get along comfortably till business is more brisk and cash more plenty.

NOYES & ROBBINS.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Winthrop, July 1, 1840.

Brainard James	Marrow Milton
Cummings Alexander	Perkins Sarah
Chandler Alpheus M.	Palmer Benjamin
Emerson Sarah M.	Prescott Newell
Foster Daniel	Pettigill Elony
Fairbanks John	Packard Anna
Hains Eliza	Sedgley Altern
Hunt Caleb	Shaw Mary
Jones Edward	Shaw Wm. S.
Kimball Nath'l	Stanton & Dodd (2)
Lowell M.	Witham W. B.
Ladd Jane	Winslow Phebe
Lancaster J. F. or	White Joel
B. F. Lancaster.	DAVID STANLEY, P. M.

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